Volume LXV CHICAGO, AUGUST 11, 1910 Number 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A PICTURE

Were I an artist, I would paint for you
A picture of the thing I saw today;
That bit of marshland, lying still and gray,
The long road running through;

The dry sawgrass that whispered in the wind,
The upward-rising seedstalks, tall and brown,
The evening sunlight, silvery slanting down,
The bare dead pine behind;

The dark, mysterious shallow pools, just deep
Enough to catch and mirror back the sky
And trailing clouds; the shadows dark that lie
Behind each clump, asleep.

The evening wind, which sings of far-off lands,
The shimmering light, with slumb'rous heat indued,
The quivering grass, the hushed quietude
That waits—and understands.

VICTOR STARBUCK.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1910. NUMBER 24.

FRIENDSHIP

(Translated from the French of Eugene de Loulay)

Upon all the earth encloses
Falls some sparkle of the sun.
Every thorn-tree has its roses,
Day comes when the night is done.

For the meadow, grass unfurling,
For the field, the ripening grain;
For the air, the eagles whirling,
Nests, God sheltered from the rain.

For each tree, green leaves upgrowing;
Flowers and honey for the bee;
Murmurs for the waves outflowing;
Tombs for clay when souls are free.

In the world, all things inclining
Toward that which for all is best,
Gave the flower to branches pining,
Friends to ease the heart's unrest.

Des Moines, Ia. JESSIE WELBORN SMITH.

It is never too late to pay tribute to a heroic soul. Any notice of a nation builder is always timely. Otherwise the interesting notice of the death of Isaac Hoover Julian from the pen of his niece, Grace Julian Clark, of Indiana, printed elsewhere, would be belated. The Senior Editor of UNITY would like to add to the appreciative words of our contributor a personal tribute to the man who wrought so well for his day and generation. During one of his annual March escapes the present writer made San Marcos on his way as he traveled through Texas, simply for the sake of seeing his correspondent and shaking hands with a Julian. He was an octogenarian, but by no means retired. The editorial instincts were still upon him, his table littered with exchanges, and social problems tingled at the tips of his fingers. Such workers, far away from the storm and stress of business, far above the fever and fret of society, the envies and jealousies of politics, are they who make strong the present, and hopeful the future.

Were it not for the exceedingly wide-awake and vital appearance of the picture, we should think that the *Rochester Evening Times* must have chloroformed our old friend and yoke-fellow, William C. Gannett, in order to secure the lifelike picture that adorns its columns, so persistently has this brother evaded the camera fiend, but here his face at last smiles in the columns of the newspaper, and alongside of it is told in plain big type that the new Boys' Home, fast approaching completion in connection with the Unitarian church at Rochester, is to be called Gannett Hall, as it should be. It seems but a very short time since Mr. Gannett left the West and took up this work at Rochester, but this Rochester paper makes the astounding satement that he has been there twenty-one years. Workmen are now busy on the $20,000 addition, and the dedication is promised early in October. The new building will permit an extension in many directions of the work which, in the past, has not only consisted in carpentry, basketry, clay modeling, etc., but has developed educational lines that go with circulating library, reading room, and, better than all, the influence that carries many of the boys to college and beyond to the professions.

A bulletin from the Department of Agriculture, under date of July 9, contains some facts and figures of great value to ministers, Sunday-school teachers, mothers, and other sowers of seeds and collectors of seedlings. We condense from the bulletin these figures and use their terms, but the above named seed sowers will readily supply their own nomenclature. Ten tons of tree seed are to be used this year by the department, most of it already planted or sown. Of course it takes a great many tree seeds to make ten tons. The jack pine, the most important tree for planting on the Nebraska sand hills, has 125,000 seeds to the pound, the western yellow pine 10,000 seeds to the pound. The ten tons of seed to be used this year will then represent perhaps 300,000,000 single seeds. If every seed yielded a tree, there would be enough to plant 300,000 acres of land. But no such result is expected. Most of the seeds are to be sown broadcast or planted with a corn planter in the place where the trees are to stand. A percentage of these will be found infertile and will never germinate. Many more will die in their infancy. If from the 10,000 yellow pine seeds in a pound 4,000 three-year-old transplants are available, the department will be satisfied, but transplanting seems to be too slow and inadequate a process. This year much of it is to be broadcast on the ground, where the trees are wanted, eight pounds of seed to the acre. And here the department comes upon a fresh trouble. Field mice, gophers and rabbits devour seed and seedlings beyond the wildest conception of the old Bible writer who was troubled with the depredations of the "small foxes" that ate the vines. Not only is

the work of bringing the seed to fruition fraught with dangers and difficulties, but the work of collecting seed is a troublesome one. The climbing of tall pines, gathering the cones with pruning shears, the drying of the cones so that the seeds may drop out, the preserving of the same until planting, is all tedious, careful business, and still the department finds it pays. Shame on the Sunday-school teachers, and also on the ministers who grow tired of their work and who talk about being discouraged, wondering if it all pays.

Much is to be deplored in the way of the failure of ministers to co-operate. UNITY has often called attention to the fact that this profession is the least efficiently organized of any in modern society. Their most effective organizations are on denominational rather than neighborhood lines. It matters but little if the Methodist ministers are leagued together, the Baptists in another group, the Presbyterians in a third, and so on, while the particular Methodist pastor stands unrelated to his Baptist neighbor across the way, and the Presbyterian pastor only three blocks away is waging a solitary battle in the community in which he is placed. The departure of Rev. R. F. Johonnot, of Unity Church, Oak Park, after an eighteen years' ministry, has brought forth many instances of faithful ministration, none of which carried with it higher evidence of his devotion to the main work of a minister of religion than the following resolutions adopted by the Oak Park Pastors' Union; and the breaking of the tie was softened by kindly words from the pastors across the line, his Congregational neighbor, W. E. Barton, voicing in most brotherly terms their love for this worker and appreciation of the work done by this Universalist-Unitarian minister. Wherever Dr. Johonnot goes he will carry a kindly, earnest spirit, and the society that confides to him the tasks of a minister will find him one who will carry in his heart neighborhood problems, who will enter into the civic opportunities; in short, he will be a citizen preacher, a vigilant soldier in the army of peace, on duty seven days in the week. We are glad to reinforce this editorial estimate by the following testimony of his colleagues:

The removal of Dr. Rodney F. Johonnot, D. D., from the pastorate of Unity Church takes from the circle of ministers of this village the oldest member, in years of service, in this community, and leaves a vacant place in our group which cannot easily be filled. We cannot permit so notable a pastorate to end without giving some expression to the love we bear to him, and our sorrow by reason of his removal.

Dr. Johonnot bore himself in the community as a true man and a faithful pastor. As a minister and a citizen, his life among us is known of all men. In Christian character above reproach, in zeal for civic aid, in social righteousness second to none, in sympathy and earnestness ever ready at the call of duty, his influence extended far beyond his own church and congregation.

But it belongs to us, his brethren in the ministry, to testify to his love of the brethren, his courtesy and never-failing good will, his largeness of heart and the breadth of his Christian charity.

We commend him to Christian ministers among whom his lot shall be cast, as a brother beloved, wise in counsel, ready in service, honored among us for his character, ability, and Christian earnestness. Among the ministers with whom he has labored, he leaves behind him none but friends.

By vote of the Pastors' Union.

The Decadence of the Liberal Churches

A hard-working, sincere brother and candid student of contemporary church problems, one who himself has valiantly championed and ably advocated liberal doctrines, writes, "Our so-called 'liberal churches' do not seem to belong to an enduring order. Tried pragmatically, they have failed. This I have long seen, and a sense of working in and with a decadent order takes somewhat of the life out of one, and will cause the work to stagnate. The doctrines of the liberal church will triumph, but not greatly through the churches themselves. Perhaps one ought to care nothing for his own success, yet to see things go endows a man with added power." Perhaps there is an end-of-the-year weariness to be detected in this brother's note. Perhaps all sincere and frank workers for things intangible must be overtaken at times with a sense of defeat, because the great need is beyond the small achievement, but there is to our mind a hopeful truth in this discouraging note. It may be true that the "liberal churches," as such, are fighting a losing battle. It may be true that the growing opportunities far outreach their occupancy, which, at many points, seem to be on the decline, rather than on the increase. But the very decadence which our correspondent thinks he sees is caused by the rapidity with which the "cause" triumphs, outreaching the bounds of any so-called "liberal" denomination. Liberality, so far as theological opinions are concerned, is so dominant in all the churches that there is little justification for the rending of ties representing the associations and the organization of new storm centers, of theological controversy. Protestantism triumphs when the occasion for protesting is removed. The churches called into being for the sake of correcting theological errors may well "Fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away" when those errors themselves have ceased to be aggressive and militant. One may well rejoice when the excitement of the charge dies away because there is no enemy in front to draw the fire or to provoke the assault. The "Liberal church" becomes itself illiberal when its chief justification for being is more or less consciously held to be a more rational interpretation of the Bible or a more logical conception of the Divine, because its contentions on these lines in these days are often times best stated and most ably argued by those placed by circumstances on the other side of the theological line, ecclesiastically surveyed. There is nothing more hopeful for the future of religion than the fact that in the language of our correspondent,

many of our churches in the orthodox, as well as in the heterodox camp, "pragmatically tested, are of a decaying and decadent order." Of one thing we are sure, that hundreds of ministers, whose eyes are cleared by study and whose hearts are sanctified by sincere efforts to develop the spiritual life of the community, officiating within the lines of the so-called orthodox churches, are touched with the same sadness as our correspondent, and have the same reason to feel that the work in which they are engaged often stagnates, but the short-range defeat only pleads for more long-range effort. When the inspirations of the denomination prove inadequate, let the cause of humanity which involves the obliteration of sect lines be espoused and the life of the minister once more becomes inspiring and the cause of religion finds again a prophet in the pastor.

The decadence of the liberal church of which our correspondent complains may be predicated of all the churches of Protestantism, which, spite of its virility, its accumulating statistics of missionary work done and doing, as Professor Smyth indicates in his book, is passing. The statistics that indicate the growing strength of Presbyterianism, Methodism, and all the other "isms," are deceptive. There is no growth of inward vitality commensurate with the external expansion. The old fences still obtain for statistical purposes, but they fail to mark the limits of the feeding pastures over which the flocks of the Great Shepherd range. Not only do the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, know that there is a hollowness in their claims, and that there is reality beyond their limits, but Christianity itself knows that there is an inflation in its boasting unwarranted by facts. It knows that it holds no monopoly on sacred words, sacred writings, or sacred lives. The old complacency and confidence of Judaism is breaking down, and we suspect the arrogance of Mohammedan and the exclusive confidence of Brahmin and Buddhist is disintegrating, and every believer in the ultimate triumph of truth, the universality of God's love, and the reality of the brotherhood of man, must rejoice in such disintegration and find inspiration in the decadence, because all go to assure the faith in the better thing farther on, the true church minority that is moving steadily on toward the Church Triumphant, the great Catholic Church of God, the working brotherhood, that welcomes all truth seekers, all truth bearers, and fellowships the sincere and the devout everywhere.

The Lord of our harvest defeats the petty schemes of his workmen by putting them to work, by keeping them at work on the foundation of a Church larger than they know of, more real than they can understand, more efficient than they have ever dreamed of.

THE PULPIT

The People and Social Justice

By Rev. Edwin A. Rumball, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Rochester, N. Y.

II. DO THE PEOPLE WANT SOCIAL JUSTICE?

Holding to the notion that the subject of social justice was a deeply religious one, we found last week that our definitions of both the people and of social justice were also of religious significance. We refused to give any class-conscious significance to the term people, because social justice and the religion it implied forbade that we should discriminate against any. The love, conscience and sympathy of religious people may often lead them to take the side of the poor and the oppressed, but social justice requires of them that they shall not be moved by mere class motives. Whatever may seem justified in politics and economics, religion is always challenged to show its reality by love for its enemies. Every fight against wrong must remember the soul of the wrongdoer. Capitalist and labor agitator must hear the indictment of religion if their relations with each other are not founded on the highest rights of social justice. If you love those only who love you, what credit is it to you, do not even the unjust the same?

Today we approach one of the most vital questions in connection with our subject, "Do the people want social justice?" That we may make our answer fairly, let us remember the depth and breadth of this question. Many people would feel no hesitancy in answering in the affirmative. They would not only point to the terribly dark statistics of injustice and wrong all over the earth, but would indicate the large groups of men and women who in every community everlastingly breathe discontent. Surely even in our civilized lands there is discontent enough to make it even foolish to ask whether the people want social justice! Yet our question is not so simple that we have merely to ask for the discontented and disgruntled of our communities in order to have it answered. To ask if the people want social justice is not quite the same as asking, do the laboring people want a full dinner pail. Neither is it quite the same as asking whether the unprivileged want privileges. Social justice is not the mere possession of privileges, neither is it the material adjustment symbolized by a full meal. There are plenty of men in this world who enjoy almost all the privileges and never have to doubt the sufficiency of the next meal, who have not yet learned the alphabet of social justice. For anyone to desire social justice involves an ethical attitude towards life. Social justice is related very closely to politics and economics, but is itself ethics. Social justice depends not upon the possession of privilege, but upon the uses of privilege. Then again, social justice has no rights which overlap on the rights of others. It must never be forgotten that social justice *is* social. This may sound very elementary or even trite, but the cry of many a man for social justice is simply a demand that attention be given to his personal wants. He feels *himself* hurt and therefore cries. There are thousands of people, rich as well as poor in the world, who are only looking for personal justice.

And if our question were whether the people wanted personal justice, we could easily point to the many forms of so-called refined selfishness, for a by no means uncertain answer. Social justice does not ask whether a certain reform or reconstruction will be good for some one individual, family or group, but whether it will give justice to the entire people, rich and poor. Justice for classes or groups, for labor unions or corporations is not social unless it looks beyond the groups to the good of society, even to the point of group abolition. He who would save his life shall lose it, but he who will forget himself and his rights and occupy himself with duties for others shall do most to forward the full democracy of our vision. Half a century ago, Mazzini wrote to his countrymen the word which has become one of the first principles of democracy, whether political or industrial, and there is unhappily as great a need for it today. "I love you too well to flatter your passions or to indulge the golden dreams with which others try to win your favor. My voice may seem harsh and too insistent in teaching you the necessity of sacrifice and virtue towards others. But I know, and you who are good and unspoiled by false doctrine and by riches will understand before long, that every *right* you have can only spring from a *duty* fulfilled." It is not therefore a matter of course that the people want social justice, but a definite problem involving the moral resources of the entire people.

If the people have wanted or do want social justice, why have we yet in the world certain evils which have been here so long that we even speak of them as necessary? To mention but two such forms of social injustice, we have but to direct attention to prostitution and war. These are not evils of civilization, penalties that we pay for some great good, justified by some principle of compensation; they are survivals of the day when man was naturally a brute. They antedate the simplest of our modern virtues and the oldest. It is true that for centuries a few men and women here and there have labored to eradicate these particular forms of injustice, but it is patent to every close observer that we have not ceased to foster both, knowing as we do, perhaps better than our ancestors, the beauty of chastity and the nobility of peace. For most of us there seems to be a wide chasm between our knowledge of justice and our conduct expressing it, a gulf between the religion we believe and the religion that we live, and too few are the actions which span the space. Yet if a man say he love God, and be yet willing to have war in the interests of commercial prosperity, sacrificing the lives of many soldiers to fill the coffers of the masters of industry, how dwelleth the love of God in him? If a woman seek not justice for her sister whom she hath seen on the street, how can she be said to love God whom she hath not seen?

It is a significant and sad comment on our desire for social justice that many of us do not seek it until we have personal reasons for doing so. We are not thoroughly alive to the evils of tenements because we do not live in tenements ourselves. We see no injustice in the wages that women receive in most of our factories, because we are not working in factories ourselves. We seek no just laws for the protection of young girls from the numerous perverts of society until we see that our own daughters are in danger. It seems so obvious that thousands of us only care for number one. Rich and poor alike are crying out for money, trade, profits, ease, leisure and the protection of personal rights, and only a few are lifting up their lives for social justice. Thousands of us, even in the so-called liberal churches are yet seeking *personal* salvation. O the pity of it! It is only a euphonious phrase for damnation. There is no such thing as personal salvation except as the result of social salvation.

If the people want social justice why are the forces of justice so disorganized in our communities? The systems of injustice are strong in their unconscious unity about the banner of selfishness. They are active 365 days in the year. By efficient and elaborate organization they are able to bring to pass almost any measure of oppression and wrong. Occasionally, the clergy and the "highbrows" will, with the guidance of a few practical reformers, get together for the accomplishment of social justice, but after a little while the old order returneth. It is not built from the bottom up. It lacks the fuel, that only the common people can supply. If we want social justice, why do we not make our present organized forces a sufficiently efficient unit to obtain it? Many feel that the churches are organized in every community for righteousness and that we should look to them for leadership in democracy. We should. There is no plea for their existence unless they do lead. Our own faith is that one day there will be no doubt of their leadership. But today we cannot hide the fact that a very large number of them are simply stumbling blocks and hindrances to democracy. If they are not the shrines of some cult or dogma, they are Sunday clubs for social intercourse and mutual improvement. It is no marvel that it is said that the people do not want social justice when those who are weekly fed on the splendid and heroic social justice of the Hebrew prophets do not wince for the social wrongs of today, nor wish to abolish them. Today we have many proposals of reform and many societies to bind up the wounds in the social organism, but against our puny scattered movements for righteousness there is but one enemy, almost omnipotent, Mammon, by the grace of man, Lord God of hosts, and we never will conquer him until all religious and humanitarian forces are decided in their purpose and can present the solid flank of everlasting justice, drawn from that God of gods, the Soul of all Humanity.

But the slow abolition of the old wrongs and the selfish blindness of men and women to our modern wrongs, and the inefficiency of our forces for good, do not prove that the people do not want social justice. These things only make the question harder to answer. They do not provide the answer. Indeed, there are factors in this subject that may easily deceive us. People may seem content with social injustice when often the opposite is the truth. Man's injustice to his fellows may even be but an attempt to really throttle the deeper wish to do the nobler thing. Not many of us show all the time what we really wish to be. Injustice also may have a double effect. It may stir to anger and open violence, and revolutionary evidence might be given of how much the people wanted social justice. On the other hand, it might numb all aspiration, and the people's indifference be but the sense of their helplessness. This is most easily seen in the government of our cities where boss and party rule supreme. Only on some great moral issue can the people hope to assert their will, on ordinary city issues the

people feel that their voice adds very little to the manner of administration, and so they frequently remain silent. But when social injustice has made men hopeless, when even the sense of their own rights is passing from them, then their silence cries out of the depths, voiceless but louder than the thunders, that they *do* need social justice.

In order to obtain a conviction of the people's need of social justice, it is not sufficient to notice their lack of things that we deem that they need. We must have some understanding of the manner of persons who thus may need this justice. The answer is not best reached by us if we simply take a given group of individuals and inquire whether they have house or land, leisure or a piano. As we said at the beginning, social justice is even in its simplest terms a matter referring to a completely organized life, a life of spiritual, mental and physical welfare. Our real answer to the question before us is based not primarily on the need of the people, but on the nature of the people. It simply declares that the people cannot live without social justice. It is part of the fundamental value of life. If there is an existence lacking social justice for men and women, then they lack just that much manhood and womanhood. It is not because I want a meal that I ought to enjoy one, but because my nature says I ought, ay, must. Behind all conscious willing is the fundamental requirement of my physical life. This distinction is worth remembering, for we often hear social justice mentioned as if it were the mere arbitrary whim of a discontented man. When a poor woman says that she wants time and ability to attend to her children and to have no occasion to go to the toil of the factory, and the rich woman replies that there are lots of things that *she* wants,—summer home, another automobile or another servant—but she is unable at present to obtain them, and so tries to be content, and that the poor woman should try also, it must be remembered that they are speaking of two absolutely different forms of want. Because you are content to do without a summer residence is never a reason why the factory woman's child should be content to do without her mother. The need of one is secondary, the need of the other is fundamental and is part of the cry for social justice. We see another application of this same distinction in the objection made that the cry for social justice is rather the idealism of the agitator, the fancied need of the reformer rather than the actual need of the people. We are told to discount ninety per cent of the words of the humanitarian rich when they cry for social justice for the poor, for they are only proclaiming what they imagine their feelings would be in such conditions. Now even if it were true—and it is sometimes—that they do not appreciate the real feelings of the poor, and that the poor are not usually as sensitive to bad conditions as their more fortunate friends, it forms no argument for withholding social justice from them. That a man does not want to vote—or even for that matter, a woman—is no reason for withholding the suffrage. A person's ignorance of the law is no excuse for his crime, neither should a person's ignorance of social justice become a reason for our refusal of it to them. No one who believes in social justice for himself has a right to limit it to any other. What is just for you, must be just for all, otherwise it is not social. It would appear, then, that the people *do* want social justice, for it is given to mankind to love and seek that which is really good. Men and women are always nobler than they appear and they are asking for a higher good than their words express. Even the most unjust reveal at moments that in their heart of hearts they loathe the wrong they do, and the very lowest in society never wholly remain blind to the charm of serving above being served. It is safe to say, even without being open to the charge of cant, that the dream of social justice finds a place in the depths of every human heart. It is the only thing that gives completeness to life. "Which are the things which men have the right to force on one another?" asks Frederic Bastiat. "I know but one thing, and that is justice. I have no right to force any one to be religious, benevolent, cultured or industrious, but I have a right to force him to be just."

When war shall be no more and girlhood and motherhood shall be no longer marred, when the toil of man shall be a brief joy in every day for every man, and the life of man a long song of universal gladness, it will be because the men and women of vision have refused to let the people perish, but have, like divinely commissioned Goliaths, sent forth the mandate that must be obeyed, that all men shall be just. Then shall the just live by faith, and as in one little city, poetically built in this land of the slaving free, there has arisen a monument whose inscription is a prophecy, so all over the earth, as the waters that cover the sea, shall be erected by the people who have obtained social justice, in imperishable bronze of fulfillment, the legend: "ALL WILL BE JOY-SMITHS, AND THEIR TASK SHALL BE TO BEAT OUT LAUGHTER FROM THE RINGING ANVIL OF LIFE."

Tower Hill Pictures

Art students sometimes use as a "view finder" a piece of cardboard with a small rectangular opening in the center. The purpose of this device is to aid selection, not so much to show the eye a good view as to shut out momentarily the wealth of material and limit the view to a narrower angle, enabling the student to concentrate on the worthier details of the landscape.

Just now Tower Hill offers many opportunities for the profitable use of such a view-finder. The miles of circling hills and hollows that unfold themselves from every compass-point display such a bewildering art gallery of form, of color, of mood and the angle of view afforded is so wide, that the observer is confronted simultaneously by perhaps a thousand pictures. To appreciate any one of them while viewing them all is obviously impossible. We must take refuge in the view-finder.

The raw material out of which Tower Hill pictures are made is of the finest and most varied quality. The broad Wisconsin, which we call simply "the river," is a complicated network of swift channels, verdant islands, shallow by-passes, glistening sandbars, overhanging pine grown rocks, flat sandy beaches and tropically tangled bottom lands. From every bend a new picture, from every vantage-point a new pattern in channel lines. Nothing has greater pictorial interest than the footprints of a great river, and in the eroded edges of every bank and sandbar we may read the story of varying current, of flood and drought, of storm and calm.

Turn from the river and look at the hills. The hills

are everywhere, slope after slope, curve beyond curve every distant hollow filled by a more distant hillside, to the blue haze that marks the limit of human vision. Take your view-finder, study at your leisure the charming pictures that compose this scene. Call upon your own imagination to help you with the pictorial possibilities of this panorama of a thousand hills—the summit of each hill affording a different view of each of the others! The poetic appeal of such material is reflected in the world's history of landscape painting, the contrasting checker-board of the various ripening grains, the nestling shaded farm house, the bulging gambrel roofed barn, the magnificent solitary elm in the meadow, sloping down to the winding creek, the grazing cattle, the wooded rocky hilltops, the cloud-flecked sky—these are the immortal currency of the picture-maker, without regard to school, or method, or time, or place.

Come to Tower Hill and review your appreciation of Nature's infinite variety. From civilization in ploughed fields it is only a step to primeval rock-strewn heights, to juniper-shaded crags where the purple cliff-brake makes its meager home, or to shady roadsides brilliant with the scarlet flash of the sumac or the purple glory of iron weed.

But if you can't come to Tower Hill, or if for any reason you should spend your vacation elsewhere, use the view-finder anyway. For the view-finder is a panacea. It will cure you of the tourist's habit of bolting your view at a gulp, or if you're not so afflicted, it will insure you against future contamination.

Tower Hill, Wis., July 27, 1910. I. S. R.

Isaac Hoover Julian

Isaac Hoover Julian, who died at San Marcos, Texas, on April 3, was the youngest child of Isaac and Rebecca Hoover Julian, who were among the very first settlers in Wayne County, Indiana, coming from North Carolina early in the last century. They were Quakers, and wished to get away from the influence of slavery. Isaac Julian was a soldier in the War of 1812, a member of the Indiana legislature in 1823, when Isaac, junior, was six months old. His wife, Rebecca, left a widow at the age of about thirty, with six children and scant means, knew all the hardships of pioneer life, and she met them with a courage and fortitude that excited the admiration and regard of all who knew her and made an impression on her children that remained fresh in their minds when they had become old.

Isaac Hoover Julian, fifth in line from Rene St. Julien, who came to this country from France near the close of the 17th century, was born on a farm near Centerville, and spent his adult life as a newspaper editor in Centerville and Richmond until 1873, when he removed to Texas on account of the failing health of his wife, owning and editing newspapers at San Marcos up to his retirement a few years ago. His wife died about a year after they reached Texas, and a few years later he lost a young son of great promise. Some two years ago, his oldest daughter, Nellie, (Mrs. J. A. Thomas) died. Two children, Victor and Laura (Mrs. N. B. Cozby) survive, both in the far West.

A recluse by nature, Mr. Julian's residence among a people of different tastes and traditions tended to emphasize this trait, and his life for many years has been almost wholly among books. He was a genuine lover of poetry, and wrote some very creditable verses, especially in his earlier years. Burns was his idol, and he had many rare editions of this poet, as he had of others. He handled books as few persons nowadays do, with that tender care and sense of privilege that must have characterized their use in days when they were few and precious.

Always a loyal Hoosier, he was nevertheless much attached to his adopted state, in whose romantic history he took great delight.

He was public-spirited, and was active in establishing the first public school in San Marcos. A few years ago he offered his valuable library as a gift to the town on condition that the authorities would agree to house it properly and keep it open to the public; but no action was taken in the matter.

A man of the simplest tastes and always poor, he yet probably spent more money for books than all the other inhabitants of the town. A trip to San Antonio or Austin always meant a visit to the book-shops, including the dealers in second-hand books, and a return laden with spoils, to be eagerly enjoyed in solitude.

An enthusiast, an idealist, and a moralist of the old school, he could not understand the supineness and indifference, as well as a certain laxness of standards, that characterize whole communities today, and he was wont to shake his head over the decadence of our age. If he had mingled more with men and women of affairs, he might have seen things differently; but then again, he might not!

That was a characteristic act a few years ago, when he placed a stone at the grave of the old soldier of San Jacinto. This patriot had died, poor and alone, in San Marcos, and was buried there. There was no relative to look after the marking of his resting place, and after vainly seeking, through the press, to arouse public interest in the matter, Mr. Julian himself purchased a neat but substantial stone, on which are inscribed the man's name and the simple words, eloquent to all who are familiar with Texas history, "A Soldier of San Jacinto." When Mr. Julian, himself in his 87th year, led us to this spot about a year ago, tears stood in his eyes as he dwelt upon the glory of that title.

Utterly without dogmatism, and not a member of any church, he was yet a religious man. Surrounded by churches and church-going neighbors of the vehement Southern variety, he must indeed have seemed an oddity. Calling on him on Sunday forenoon, we found him reading UNITY, Jenkin Lloyd Jones' weekly evangel, after which he recited from Thomson's Seasons, talked of Keats and showed us several unusual editions of the latter, and finally the conversation drifted to the subject of the future life. He expressed a hope, amounting to a conviction, of the soul's immortality, and of knowing one another in the Great Beyond.

And now this last survivor of his father's family has departed. Never robust physically, he yet lived to be an old man, and died without an illness, simply falling asleep between Saturday and Sunday. As one contemplates this long, uneventful and unobtrusive life, one is impressed with the sadness of it; for he knew little but bereavement, poverty and struggle, as far as

outward conditions go. But yet his soul, which was the real man, dwelt on a high plane, and knew much of serene joy.

On the afternoon of his funeral, the shops of San Marcos were closed, and the schools were dismissed, while the school children attended the services in a body, each carrying flowers, with which they covered the grave of their old friend. Mr. Julian's life-long efforts in behalf of temperance and education were dwelt upon by those who spoke, and it was evident that he had the respect and affection of a very large circle.

Irvington, Ind. GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

Our Growing Brutality

Edwin D. Mead, in an address at the Unitarian grove-meeting at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., on Sunday, July 3, the day preceding the brutal performance in Nevada, commented severely upon the brutality and vulgarity prevailing to a startling degree in many fields of our national life.

Mr. Mead's general subject was "The United States as a World Power." "This," he said, "has latterly become a common and fashionable phrase; and as used by many it would seem as if the United States first began to be a 'world power' when a few years ago we sank a few Spanish gunboats in the Pacific Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. This is a very cheap view of world power, and it is a very cheap view of the United States. The United States began to be a world power as soon at it began to be at all, and from that time to this it has been the most influential power among the nations, and on the whole the best of world powers." The speaker surveyed the history of the century to emphasize America's great services for the world and her present immense opportunities; but at the close he threw in some sharp words of warning.

"In this time," he said, "when we have been seeing the growth of military pride and the big navy craze in the nation and the mischievous notion becoming fashionable that this is the thing which makes us a 'world power,' we have seen a portentous growth among us of lawlessness, brutal crime, and passion for brutal sport. These things go together.

"The editor of one of our leading journals,—a religious journal at that,—recently declared that he considered our proceedings in the Philippine Islands in the last ten years the proudest chapter in our history. The work of the Puritan fathers, of Washington and Lincoln and Emerson, what of this? Our proceedings in the Philippines have been accompanied, I think logically so, by a frightful recrudescence of barbarism toward the colored people of the South, and violence and lawlessness throughout the country. Our most conspicuous American citizen recently lectured the English government for not dealing more severely with crime in Egypt; if it could not repress lawlessness there more drastically, he said, then England had better get out of Egypt. The irony of the performance was almost incredible. There is more lawlessness, more unpunished crime, in the United States in a week than under the English government in Egypt in a year.

"Andrew D. White has recently been making a startling exhibit of the commonness of murder in this country, vastly in excess of that in any other country in Christendom; and there is no place where men murder with such impunity. There is no other country where men so freely take the law into their own hands or where the mob has such license or is so barbarous. Lynchings are of constant occurrence in the South, and outside of the South, often upon the slightest pretext, a veritable sport for the mob; and even the burning of men at the stake has almost ceased to arrest attention.

"Our national sports are growing more brutal. Many of our games and contests run to excesses, which defeat every true purpose of sport. Our football has become an utterly different game from English football. The brutality of ours would not be tolerated there; and it is the very brutality of ours, the sheer conflict of physical strength rather than skill, which chiefly draws the great crowds. People of ostensible refinement, mothers with their daughters, crowd hungrily to these almost gladiatorial combats, people who arch their eye-brows in holy horror at Spanish bull-fights. In truth, these fights of ours are about as dangerous to boys as bull-fights to bulls; and the balance of skill is probably on the side of the bull-fight.

"The space occupied by records of crime and its allied vulgarities and brutalities, in our Boston newspapers of largest circulation,—and it is the same elsewhere,—is, as compared with fifteen years ago, appalling. One never comes back to it after a few weeks' companionship with the newspapers of London and Berlin without a shock. The worst thing about it is that for the most part it has ceased to shock most of us—we take it for granted. Even if the existence of this frightful amount of crime must unhappily be conceded, the propriety of such publicity for it must not be conceded. Dr. Hale did not inveigh too strongly against the wicked folly and danger of bringing all these horrors, with the immense influence of their suggestions, constantly before the weak and ill-balanced minds of which every great community is full. It fills the whole atmosphere with poison and menace. It is utterly unworthy and intolerable, and it should be summarily stopped by organized public protest. The demoralizing bill-boards should go at the same time.

"Our national vulgarity and brutality are to culminate tomorrow, our national birth-day, in the infamous prize-fight between two brutes out in Nevada. It is a day of shame for the republic. Such a thing would not be possible in England or Germany or France—or Egypt. Neither governments nor public opinion would tolerate it. Thank God, it is unlawful in most of our own states. Yet multitudes of the very newspapers that applaud the governor of California for forbidding it in his state outvie each other in provisions for bringing every vulgar and brutal detail before their readers, bodily transferring the arena to their own pages. Today's Sunday newspapers, with their pictures spread before our young people, are a horrible spectacle. The Athens of America has sent our own most notorious "bruiser" out as special chronicler for our peculiarly exquisite public; and his beastly coarseness is spread before our people day by day, with no seeming recognition of the insult to readers in the assumption that this is the fitting food for them. On our independence day, a larger number of the American people will doubtless be interested in this abomination than in any other event; and if the newspapers

issue extras in the evening, it will be because the public interest in this thing—not in any good thing—is overwhelming and imperative. Surely, surely, it is time for moral and patriotic men in the republic to bestir themselves and ask whither we are moving.

"It is mournful enough," said Mr. Mead in closing, "this lapse into the love of force and the brutal in the old homes of our American democracy and idealism, and above all, in this new thought of militarism as the measure of our world power. A fine Japanese scholar has just been saying that so long as the world knew Japan chiefly through her exquisite art, the world generally viewed the Japanese chiefly as a barbarous or half-civilized people, but as soon as they showed in what a masterly manner they could kill Russians, then they were a 'world power.' God forbid that this may long remain the standard of the countrymen of Jefferson and Emerson, especially concerning themselves."

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR OF UNITY:—When I read of the celebration, in "Abraham Lincoln Centre," of the one hundredth birthday of the great Kentuckian who is now everywhere held to be next to George Washington, the greatest American, and whose fame in another century will easily rank first, I was impressed that it was my duty at the first opportunity to give my fellow Americans and the world two true stories about Abraham Lincoln, which I have known for more than thirty years, and which never have been publicly told or printed. I deem myself most fortunate to belong to "Abraham Lincoln Centre," whose UNITY will publish these articles, and I would most deeply regret its limited circulation did I not believe these stories will be eventually copied in other great papers and magazines at home and abroad. It will strike the reader as very curious to begin a story about Abraham Lincoln in Vermont. I do not think he was ever in that state, but in order that my readers may understand this matter I must begin at Vergennes, Vermont, one of the older cities of the United States, older as a city than Boston, Mass. In 1853, Carlton Tappan Stevens, Charles Ogden Stevens and their widowed mother, Sallie Ogden Stevens, kept there a hotel, which was, then and now, known as the "Stevens House." Among the guests for many years was Capt. R. W. Sherman, the father of the present vice president of the United States. Charles Dickens in his American notes especially noted Capt. Sherman, the man of war-like discipline on his steamer on Lake Champlain, and he praised the Stevens House in Vergennes also. Early in 1853, a traveler from the great West stopped over night at this hotel. He was a talkative man, and had a great deal to say of a coming city in Illinois, on Lake Michigan, named Chicago. He said there was a hotel there which was for rent, and could be leased at a very low rental. The proprietor of this house, he said, did not believe Chicago would have as much of a future as the place where the railroad going west from Chicago crossed the Mississippi River, and he proposed to locate at this point as soon as it was decided on. The traveler did not agree with him, and said if he had any hotel experience or could get a partner who had, he would abandon his present business and lease the "Matteson House" in Chicago, which was the name of the hotel in question. Neither C. F. or C. O. Stevens was interested in the story, but to their younger brother, Herrick Stevens, it was the opportunity he was looking for. He was thirty-three years old, had only a little money, earned driving the stage between the hotel and Fort Cassin, on Lake Champlain, at the mouth of Otter Creek, where the steamboats landed, and in other work about the hotel for his brothers, but he felt himself abundantly able to run a hotel. There was no room for him in Vergennes, and he did not fancy the talkative guest's habits enough to go into partnership with him if he had the opportunity, but he determined at once to go to Chicago and see for himself. He was a very large man, but very active. Going to Albany, N. Y., he there took a train west. Railroad travel then was very different from what it is now. There were many connecting roads and no sleeping or eating cars. At night Mr. Stevens would stop off at some place and take another train the next morning. Wherever he stopped off he found many people who were going west soon. The road was not completed into Chicago, and at a point in Northern Indiana he took a stage. He was finally landed at the "Matteson House," which stood on the northwest corner of Dearborn and Randolph, about where the Borden block is now. It was a three-story brick and frame building, set well back from the streets. He found all that the traveler had told about the hotel and town true, and he did not think Chicago would cease to be a good hotel town after the railroad crossed the Missippi river. He made a verbal lease of the hotel, papers to be signed and the necessary money paid on a certain day, which allowed him time to go East and return. The truth was, he only had $2,500, and Mr. John Irving Pearce, the proprietor of the "Matteson House," wanted much more than that for the furniture alone.

Before the day agreed upon, Mr. Stevens reappeared at the hotel, accompanied by Jacob Willard, of Keeseville, N. Y., who was to be his partner, and by his brother, Carlton Tappan Stevens, whom the Old Bank of Vergennes had empowered to make the necessary loan to Stevens and Willard, to enable them to buy Mr. Pearce's furniture. They at once materially raised prices, which resulted in nearly all the old guests leaving. With paint and other improvements they put the hotel in the best possible condition. They had expected the old guests to go, but before they were entirely ready the new road reached Chicago. They and all the other hotels were over-run by the great crowds. There were two others principal hotels in Chicago, then a town of about 60,000 inhabitants—the "Tremont," one block north, and the "Sherman House," one block west of the "Matteson House." A few weeks after, there was, one day, the usual great crowd seeking quarters there, and registering their names on the hotel register. Mr. Stevens was at the desk when he noticed the tallest and the most remarkable looking man, he said, he had ever seen, coming through the door into the office. We know that this man was only six feet four inches tall, and Mr. Stevens had undoubtedly seen taller men, but he had on a tall stove-pipe hat and he towered over all in the office, so that Mr. Stevens noticed him particularly. His face was cleanly shaven, his eyes grayish brown and deeply set in his head, brow broad, hair dark brown, stiff and unkempt, complexion very dark, nose long and his mouth large. His ears were large and stood out from his head. He was of

spare frame, had very long arms and legs, and actually weighed about 180 pounds. He did not stand perfectly straight, was plainly dressed in black clothes, the pants apparently not long enough for him, and he wore no jewelry that could be seen except a gold watch and chain. Mr. Stevens was, no doubt, particularly impressed, because he himself was so differently built. Stevens was only six feet tall, but he weighed between three hundred and four hundred pounds, and as the stranger got near the desk, Mr. Stevens' figure seemed to attract him fully as much as his had Mr. Stevens. The hotel man's first thought had been, "We haven't a bed in the house long enough for that man to lie comfortably in," and then he remembered that there was one bed abundantly long enough. There was only one, and the guest who had regularly occupied it since they had been in the house had that very morning gone away for a few days. So with great satisfaction he mentally assigned the long bed to the tall man before he had registered. When he was handed a pen, he wrote in that singularly plain hand, which every American school boy and girl is now familiar with "Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.," on the register, and said he would be there over night. As Mr. Lincoln laid down his pen and looked up at Mr. Stevens, he almost laughed. Mr. Stevens tried hard to keep a straight face, but he could not, and he smiled too. He wrote the number of the room with the long bed in it, opposite Mr. Lincoln's name, gave its key to the bell boy, who took Mr. Lincoln's bag and conducted him upstairs. There were no elevators in those days, as there were no very tall buildings. Half an hour later the guests had all registered and Mr. Stevens was still at the desk, when Mr. Lincoln came up to it. "How did you happen, John P., to give me that bed?" he asked. "I never before have had a bed in a hotel long enough for me." "I thought that bed was about your size, and would please you, Mr. Lincoln," Stevens said. "It is the only one of the kind we have in the house." "I much appreciate your thoughtfulness, and by the way, John P., a number of gentlemen will be in to see me soon. I don't see that you have any special room for us to get together in, but if we can have that corner of the office, (which was a large room) to ourselves and some chairs, it will be all right." The office had originally been even larger than it was then. A partition, largely glass, painted so no one could see into the room, had been run across the far end and provided with a door, with a lock on it, for just such meetings as Mr. Lincoln spoke of. Taking a key to the door from the rack, Mr. Stevens conducted him to it and unlocked the door. As soon as he was in the little room and saw the long table with the chairs around it, he said: "This is exactly what I wanted, John P.," and seeing that the table was provided with writing materials, he sat down and began writing. "When any one asks for me John P.," he said, "please send them in here." Mr. Stevens told me he had been wonderfully attracted to Mr. Lincoln from his first sight of him, but what did he mean by calling him "John P.?" He had never allowed any one to nick-name him. He did not like it, nor understand it, and determined to tell Mr. Lincoln so. But before he had said a word, Mr. Lincoln divined what was passing in his mind. "You don't understand why I call you 'John P.,'" he said, "It is because from the first look I had at you I was very much impressed with your likeness to a gentleman I used to see in Washington, D. C., a United States senator, John P. Hale, of New Hampshire. Your resemblance to him is remarkable." Mr. Stevens was too sensible a man to find fault with Abraham Lincoln for thinking he looked like the distinguished senator, and perhaps it flattered him a little. Anyway, he told Lincoln he might call him "John P." if he wanted to, and Mr. Lincoln called him so whenever he spoke to him. Mr. Stevens went back to the desk, and, at the hour named by Mr. Lincoln, about a dozen gentlemen came into the hotel, in groups of two or three, and asked for Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Stevens directed them to the room where he was. Mr. Stevens used to tell me who they were, but I will undertake to name but one of them. It was more than thirty years ago, and I could not have remembered it so well if I had heard it but once, but Mr. Stevens, while being the reverse of a story teller, told me this soon after I became engaged to marry his oldest daughter, and at least half a dozen times after that—always exactly the same. The only gentleman of the party I will name was Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. I am positive Mr. Stevens said he was one of them. Soon there were sounds of laughter and great noise from the little room, then absolute silence, followed by renewed noise and laughing, so violent and prolonged as to shake the office walls. Mr. Stevens left the desk and went and opened the door. Mr. Lincoln was in the midst of telling a story. He motioned Mr. Stevens to come in, and shut the door. When he finished all laughed harder if possible than before, including Mr. Stevens, and he remained there until he was wanted at the desk and sent for.

In 1855 Mr. Stevens went to Vergennes to be married there, but at once returned to the "Matteson House" with his wife, who had her part to do in the hotel. She met Mr. Lincoln there, and formed the same high opinion of him that her husband had. All three became friends. Mr. Stevens used to tell me than a hotel keeper who himself looks closely after his house has the greatest opportunity to form a correct opinion of the men who are his guests, of their morals and habits; and he said that Abraham Lincoln was their guest during more than five years, off and on, and that "he always was, in every way, a temperate, clean, pure and good man." He always ended his talks to me about Abraham Lincoln by saying: "Mr. Hammond, he was the greatest and brightest and best man I ever knew, and when he was with us I always managed so that he had that long bed."

It was in 1862, and Mr. Stevens had retired from the hotel business and returned with his wife to Vergennes to live. The tall, yellow-skinned Kentuckian was now the president of the United States, and our country was engaged in the most awful civil war of all time. The Stevenses were anxious to see their old guest in his great office, and on their annual vacation they went to Washington to see the capitol and our army indeed, but more than all to see Abraham Lincoln. They did not want anything of the president, but they thought he would be pleased to see them and they wanted to see him. The day after their arrival in Washington, they knew there was to be a reception by the president at the White House. They went early, but, early as they were, there was a great crowd already in procession. They took their places, and at length reached a position

where they could see Mr. Lincoln and his receiving party. The exact date I cannot give, but it was one of the darkest periods of the great war.

The army of the Potomac in the Peninsula seemed doomed. If it was not rebel guns, is was the poison of the swamps of the Chickahominy. Our whole army was sick unto death, and every newspaper was filled with long lists of Union soldiers killed, wounded or missing, or dead from disease. The strategy of our general seemed to consist "in falling back to take up a better position" and in criticizing Mr. Lincoln. Not only was there no good news from the army of the Potamac at this particular time, but from our other armies and the navy everything seemed bad, and the most powerful nations of Europe seemed to be our enemies. The Stevenses knew all this, but they never fully realized it until they saw Mr. Lincoln on the platform slightly raised above the floor, so that every one had a good opportuity to look at him. There were no tears falling from his eyes, but he evidently only held them back by a supreme effort. His face plainly showed signs of recent tears. His clothes hung on his gigantic frame like clothes on a scare-crow. He had on white kid gloves, and he aimed to take the hand of every one who wanted to shake hands with him, but his eyes seemed looking over their heads far away to the Southeast. He was trying to be the president of the United States to the great company in the room, but his thoughts were evidently far away with his "boys in blue" on the Peninsula.

Nearly every woman, and many of the men in the line who could see him, were crying. If the Stevenses could have escaped backwards they would have gone no further forward. They too both cried, but they could not escape to the rear and at last they were opposite Mr. Lincoln. When he shook hands with Mr. Stevens, Mr. Lincoln looked down into Mr. Stevens' face and immediately recognized him. For an instant he forgot the army and the navy and the million other cares that were bending him down. He forgot the White House and was back in Illinois, in Chicago, and in the old "Matteson House." "How do you do, 'John P.'"? he ejaculated, and, seeing Mrs. Stevens, he warmly shook her hand and asked when they had left Chicago. They explained to him that they were not then living in Chicago, but in Vermont, but immediately he asked them if they remembered some remarkably funny incident that had happened in the breakfast room in the Matteson House one morning, when they were all eating breakfast there. They laughed heartily with him, and said they remembered it well, but he went on to tell them every detail of the incident as only Abraham Lincoln could tell it, and when he had finished they all laughed, almost immoderately. At the sight and sound of Mr. Lincoln laughing, every one in the great room dried, or tried to dry, their tears. How long this could be kept up was a serious question, but Mr. Lincoln was fighting desperately to hold what he had gained. He insisted that they should not hurry on, despite the great crowd behind them in the line, and began to tell another funny "Matteson House" story, and the people in the line were so delighted at the change in Mr. Lincoln that they did not attempt to push the Stevenses along, but those near enough tried hard to hear what Mr. Lincoln was saying. At this moment an officer hurried to Mr. Lincoln with a telegram just received from the War department for him. Mr. Lincoln's face fell, the laugh died from his lips, but he took the message and read it carefully, then he read it all over again, as if to be sure, and then he handed it to Mr. Stevens. But before Mr. Stevens could read it, he took it out of his hands, and himself read it aloud so that all in the room could hear and understand it. It was from the Army of the Potomac. Lee's great movement, that had been going on for several days, had been repulsed. The Rebel Army had been defeated!

Immediately the house of tears was changed to a house of gladness. Of course all knew that there were yet to come long lists of killed and wounded, but "the dead had not died in vain." Mr. and Mrs. Stevens then said "good-bye" to Mr. Lincoln and he to them. As they passed out of the room, a high official stopped them and wanted to know who they were and what they had said to Mr. Lincoln. He said that for days the president had not even smiled and that they had been desperate and at a loss what to do. They could only say they were old friends in Chicago, and that their unexpected appearance had recalled pleasant memories to Mr. Lincoln. Before they left the building they went back for a last look at him. He was holding all he had gained. His clothes seemed to have been made for him, a bright smile was on his face, and altogether he was the old Abraham Lincoln they had known before, save for added dignity and a more serious expression. They never saw him again until Mr. Stevens saw his body in the coffin, in Chicago, on its final journey to Springfield.

CHARLES L. HAMMOND.

FEAREST THOU PURPOSE SLEEPS?

Tell me, oh butterfly, butterfly bright,
Blissfully dallying, careless of night,
Hither and thitherward
Flitting so joyously,
Poising so daintily,
Sailing so gracefully,—
Hast thou no shadow of sorrow or care?
Butterfly, butterfly, knowest thou where
Lands are all silver and rose gardens bare?
Faded the blossoms, then butterflies die!

Golden leaves, crimson leaves, petals pale falling,
Soon a great mound will heap, death to me calling,
Sayest thou, child of man, Life nor Death knowing?
Fearest thou purpose sleeps, winter winds blowing?
'Neath the world's heavy foot learned I its strife,
Crawling out toward the light earned I my life;
Forth from a darksome thing slowly came I;
Thou hast thy chrysalis, banish thy sigh!
Low though thy station be, clod-rough thy way,
Travel thou faithfully, honest thy day,
Over thy earth-choked self soon shalt thou rise,
Splendidly confident, childlike yet wise;
Serving thy world of men, helping them know
Man reaches joy and life, struggling to grow!

HARRIET MORLOCK GLEASON.

If e'er, when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd, "I have felt."

—Alfred Tennyson in "In Memoriam."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Paul Tyner's Answer.

All who are beginning to fathom the living, loving, growing significance of the word Unity, will read with delight the following paragraphs from an address by Paul Tyner at the dedication of a new Truth Center at Dayton, Ohio, June 8, 1910, which I find in the new issue of our exchange, the monthly Unity of Kansas City, Mo.:

"What Is Truth?" . . . The question has doubtless been asked many times before and since, but the occasion described in the eighteenth chapter of John's gospel dramatized it with a force so striking as to impress it on the mind of humanity for all time. Munkacsky has made the moment the subject of one of the world's greatest paintings, his "Christ before Pilate." Standing before Incarnate Material Dominion to receive judgment, Incarnate Truth declares:

"Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born and for this end came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto Truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

And against this declaration Pilate launches the hopelessly skeptical rejoinder, "What is Truth?" He did not wait for an answer, but proceeded to hand Jesus over to the fury of the mob.

The answer stood before Pilate, had he but seeing eyes—stood before him embodied and animate in the Christ Spirit personified in the Man Jesus. Had not this man achieved the sublime conquest of the sublime surrender that identified his own being with Reality Absolute? Had he not thereby become the Living Truth? "I and the Father are one!" was not a peculiar claim for his own personality but for "The Son of Man"—Mankind. It finds its perfect counterpart in his identification with all humanity: that which is done or not done to the least of the naked, the hungry, the sick and in prison, is done or not done to him. Had he not declared himself in word and deed: "The Way, the Truth, and the Life?" Strictly in accord with this Christ method, that which Jesus calls Spirit; the physical scientist, Force; the Chinese, Supreme Cause; the Mohammedan, Allah; the Hindu, Brahm; the Jew, Jehovah; and the orthodox Christian, God, is, in the New Thought, known and recognized also as Being, Principle, Love in unfoldment, Divine Mind. It is that consuming fire which in its operation is the Power that maketh for righteousness, the fire that, burning and purging away all dross of false apearances, transmutes all thought and character into the pure gold of the divine nature.

Idealistic as the dominant note in the New Thought undoubtedly is, it believes in bringing the Ideal more and more into actual life: Its philosophy gives us life and immortality, but it will also bake bread. It calls upon us to read, study and observe. Gathering facts and ideas from all sources, we are called to assimilate them and make them our own, so that they shall become the seed of New Thought all our own. In line with the modern spirit, the New Thought is humble, keeps close to the ground, walks in the real world. Its splendid optimism is based on sweet and genuine reasonableness. We realize that no fact of phenomena or experience is to be despised as without meaning. Rather, with Sabatier, we rise to the splendid realization that "we live now in a divinely ordered world, and all that happens is divinely great." Remembering that no fact in the universe stands by itself; that everything is related to every other fact and tracing out the connection of truth with truth, we find ourselves confronting the most stupendous of all truths, the correlation of all force, all thought, all matter. We confront the one substance, which is the stupendous Reality behind all appearances, the Reality which is all there is.

Oneness then is the great truth of truths. Unity is the answer to Pilate's question: the first and the last word in our quest for the meaning of truth. We take in all thoughts, all things, all facts, all men. We see it is not a question of one man, but of humanity, and that if I leave anybody out I leave my soul out. "The soul is the concrete absolute and this is the soul's world clear through—the inmost law of it is the full and perfect relation of persons and of things.

To know the Truth is to be free—free from the bondage of systems and circumstances: from weakness and disease: from poverty and ignorance. We awaken, in the New Thought of Truth, to the utter futility of knowledge, facts and ideas stored away in the brain or used simply for verbal and intellectual gymnastics. Civilizations are destroyed by great ideas apprehended but not lived up to. The spirit maketh alive, but "the letter killeth." Today, as in Jesus' time, the Spirit of Truth in the grim and terrible logic of events rebukes our Pharisaical professors of religion, as of ethical and therapeutic righteousness, for the hiatus between their profession and practice. Truth is not fully truth, until expressed in a life. Individuals as well as nations are summoned to live up to their great ideas. We must be true to our attainment of health, wealth and harmony: the conquest of difficulties, the vindication of every life in actual achievement of good, actual betterment of the world. And we refuse or neglect the obligation to sincerity at the perilous price of a break and dislocation in our cosmic relationship.

The poet Keats gives us an answer that is suggestive to Pilate's question:

"Beautiy is Truth; Truth, Beauty.
This is all we know on earth;
And all we need to know."

Remembering that genuine beauty depends on just and symmetrical proportions, on the completeness and integrity present when things are seen in true perspective and right relation, we might say truly, Unity is Truth and Truth is Unity. In Unity is Strength, Wholeness and Harmony, fulness of life and joy in life: for Unity is the Truth of Truths.

M. E. H.

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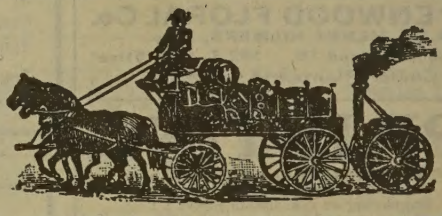

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